

# La Vigna

VOLUME XIII

SPRING ISSUE

MARCH 1994

## TIM & TRACEY MONTAGUE WED

Family and friends were brought together to the Tropics of Capricorn to trade the gloom of winter snow storms for the glory of a sunfilled Bahamian weekend.

The wedding party stayed on Paradise Island, in the Pirates Cove Holiday Inn. Paradise Island is located across the bay from the Island of Nassau.

The radiant couple exchanged personalized vows at the resplendant Cloisters, a 13th Century French monastery brought to the islands by the original owner of Paradise Island. It was disassembled, shipped and rebuilt on site, and the effect of its ancient stone walls, set against the lush tropical background was breathtaking.

The service was performed by an official of the Commonwealth of Nassau in an intimate outdoor chapel of stone with open lattice canopy. The bride, Tracey Carol Trautman, was given in marriage by her father Robert Trautman, and the marriage was witnessed by Henry Montague, brother of the groom, and Robert Trautman Jr., brother of the bride.

The reception was held at Casuarina Inn, Cable Beach, on the mainland of Nassau. Everyone had an opportunity to sample Bahamian cooking executed by native residents. We all wish the most success and joy for the happy couple.



## SPRING APPROACHES • REMEMBRANCES OF SPRINGS PAST

BY TERRY BILANCIO

Here in Bath the snow is still over two feet deep, with piles of snow too high to see over from the seat of the car. As I contemplate this cold, wintry landscape, I remind myself that already the temperature is rising above freezing during the day, the maple sugar restaurant has opened for its annual season, and the snow will be gone very soon.

At 90 Eggerts Road the conditions of departing winter always included the arrival of the Burpee Seed Catalog. We would go through the catalog to select vegetable varieties to try for the new growing season. We would draw a plan for the vegetable garden, laying it out on paper. Vegetables of the same type could not be planted where they were the previous year. We must allow for the shade or of the full sun on some parts of the land. In February and March, the tomatoes of summer were all six inches in diameter, the peas of June were like sugar, the green beans and the wax beans of July and August were the most tender ever, and the corn of August and September was as sweet as honey.

In those days, only vegetables were included in our garden plan. There was no room for flowers or for ornamental plants! The major questions were of size, location, fencing material, cold frames, and general lay-out. The friendly rabbits and woodchucks on the property loved to share the fruits of our labors. So did the unfettered geese we raised one year, and the free-range

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## A LETTER FROM THE LEFT COAST

By LEAH BILANCIO

Editor's Note: The Jan. 17, 1994 Los Angeles earthquake hit closer to "home" than many LaVigna readers may realize. This heartfelt letter from Gloria Bilancio to her Uncle Bob and Aunt Jennie Immordino graphically describes one incident. Gloria's husband Ivan, an Editor for Walt Disney films, was away on business when the earthquake hit.

Dear Uncle Bob and Aunt Jennie,

Thank you for the Wonderful Book for Leah this Christmas. The story is one of her favorites, and we share a line from that book on a daily basis. "I think I can" "I knew I could". It has been an extremely valuable lesson of confidence for her.

During our most recent scare with the earthquake, many miracles touched Leah and I throughout the ordeal. We could have been seriously injured in our house but we escaped safely. During the first hours that followed that horrible morning, Monday the 17th, Leah cried to return to her house, she wanted to go back to sleep in her bed. I repeatedly asked her to be still with Mommy and please be strong "no more tears." She said she can't. "I can't Mommy" and we were able to bring a moment of familiarity to both of us by singing our favorite line from her book. "I think I can" "I knew I could" She somehow understood after that--another miracle for Mom - whew. Of course then she wanted to go up into the house and get her book. Continue to pray for us, the ground is still shaking.



We loved the book and Christmas seems like months ago but we had a Merry one. Hope all is well in the sub-zero weather. Stay warm. Stay safe.

Lots of Love, signed Leah, Gloria and Ivan

## A LETTER FROM THE BELLARDOS

Dear La Vigna family and friends,

It has been some time since I made a contribution to La Vigna and quite honestly I feel like I know so few of the people whose names appear in it. And also since the passing of Rose Bilancio, it seems as though there is very little contact with this side of the family. Nevertheless, I have enclosed some information on the International Studies Program in Italy which I direct. It is open to anyone and perhaps you may want to print something about it; or perhaps even a family member may want to come along.

Also, I thought you should know that Lewis Bellardo III, son of my brother, is interning at Chapel Hill as a surgeon; and his sister, Anna Elizabeth has just graduated from Catholic University Summa Cum Laude.

Thank you for all the effort and love you put into La Vigna. It is appreciated.

Love to all,  
Sam J. Bellardo

Note: Kutztown University of the Pennsylvania State System of Higher Education has announced its 1994 International Studies Summer Program in Italy. The program in RELATED ARTS is scheduled from June 15 to July 6 in the Region of the Toscana. Classes will be held at Montecatini Terme conveniently located for excursions to the many Art towns of the Toscana, including Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, Prato, Firenze and Siena; as well as the picturesque hill towns such as Montalcino, Vinci, Sansepolcro, Montepulciano, Pienza, Arezzo, Cortona, etc.

If you contact Clara at (609)882-2448, she will be able to give you more information. Or you can call Kutztown University (215)683-4000.

A BUDDING AUTHOR

Editor's note: This story was written in October 1993 by Robert Garcia, a seven year old second grade student at the Escondido Elementary School of Palo Alto, California. He is the son of Roberta Immordino and Daniel Garcia and grandson of Jennie and Bob Immordino of Lawrenceville NJ. Fully illustrated by the author who titled it:

"THE RIDER WHO LOST HIS MUMMY"

It was a dark, scary night. The people were asleep. A rider came to the house. He was on a horse. He knocked on the door. The rider was carrying a mummy case. No one came to the door.

The rider opened the mummy case. The mummy was gone. The rider was surprised; he said, "Where's my mummy?" Just then a police car drove up. The policeman got out of the car. He said, "Hold it right there, you". The rider rode away. The policeman got in his police car and drove after him. The rider rode and rode until they got to a big old scary house. He decided to hide inside it.

He screamed, "AAAAAAAhhhhhhh. The mummy's alive." The mummy walked toward him. He just missed him. The rider ran into the basement. "Bad move", he said. "Now I'm trapped." He saw the mummy coming down the stairs. It grabbed him. He screamed, "AAAAAAhhhhhhh."

The policeman never found the corpse. The End.  
(Robert likes to go surfing, play baseball and soccer.)



April

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					Good Friday <b>1</b>  Diane Garzio Susan Slaninka	<b>2</b>
Easter Sunday <b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>  Joe Chianese	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>  Mary Armenti Theresa Guerra	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>  Peter Schøening	<b>14</b>  Jane Chianese	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>  Francis Bilancio
<b>17</b>  Leo Chianese	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>  Bobbi Wiesner	<b>20</b>  Joe Gervasio Loretta Chianese	<b>21</b>  Pauline Chianese	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>24</b>  Joe Garzio	<b>25</b>  Mark Chianese	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>  Julianne Wiesner-Chianese Tosca Bilancio	<b>28</b>  Elsa Chianese	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>

SUZANNE LOVES MICHAEL

This poem was written by me for my husband a few months after I had met him back in 1977...when I first met Michael, his friend told him he'd better tell me he was older than he was (he was turning 21!), because I was turning 25. His friend said that if I knew he was 4 years younger, I might have not wanted to date him...

(Written for Michael by Suzanne - 1978)

THE DAY WE MET

I MET A GUY ON MONTH NUMBER NINE AND DAY ELEVEN -  
AT THE TIME I DIDN'T KNOW, BUT NOW I DO, THAT HE WAS MADE FOR ME,  
AND SENT FROM HEAVEN.

HIS NAME IS MICHAEL...  
WHAT OTHER NAME SO PERFECT FOR AN ANGEL?

AT THE TIME WE MET HE SAID HE WAS 23 -  
A MONTH OR SO LATER, I FOUND HE LIED TO ME.

WHEN HE TOLD ME HE LIED AND THAT HE WAS 21,  
I THOUGHT MY WHOLE WORLD WAS GOING TO COME UNDONE.

I DIDN'T KNOW IF I SHOULD GIVE HIM A CHANCE,  
BUT WE HAD ALREADY BEGAN OUR ROMANCE!

I KNEW THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD SAY GOODBYE -  
HE HAD TREATED ME BETTER IN THAT ONE MONTH THAN ANY MAN HAD EVER  
TREATED ME - HOW COULD I SAY GOODBYE TO THIS GUY??

FOR A LITTLE WHILE I WONDERED "AM I DOING THE RIGHT THING?", BUT AS  
TIME WENT ON I REALIZED THAT 4 YEARS' DIFFERENCE MEANS NOTHING.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE -  
HE HAS QUALITIES RARELY FOUND ALL TOGETHER IN ONE MAN -  
EMOTIONS, FEELINGS, AND UNDERSTANDING HE HAS PLENTY OF.

HE'S NOT LIKE ANY OF THOSE OTHER GUYS -  
I KNEW THAT WHEN I LOOKED DEEP INTO THOSE BIG, BROWN, BEDROOM EYES.

I'LL LOVE HIM UNTIL THE DAY I DIE -  
I'M SO HAPPY HE LIED.

THE DAY WE MET, I NEVER THOUGHT THAT THAT DAY COULD BRING INTO MY LIFE  
WHAT IT HAS BROUGHT.

IT HAS BROUGHT ME SOMEONE TO LOVE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE -CAUSE NOW  
HE'S ASKED ME TO BE HIS WIFE!

SO ON MONTH NUMBER FOUR AND DAY EIGHT,  
WE'LL BEGIN LIVING OUR LIVES AS ONE - I CAN'T WAIT!

by Suzanne Roth

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Let's get together at the tenth picnic with the La Vigna family.  
Sunday, July 10, about 1 p.m. - come and enjoy good food and  
great people.

(continued from p. 1)

chickens, and our Quack-Quack.

What kind of fencing would we use? The various fences we tried, with varying degrees of success, were chicken wire, rabbit wire, picket, and none at all. Every year some animal or other would help itself to tender bean sprouts or fresh lettuce or new corn leaves. We planned every year how to minimize the losses. I remember even using large leg-traps one year!

How would we fertilize the garden? In the years we had chickens, the decision was easy. Spread the droppings and straw from the coop over the area to be worked. In other years, we just moved the garden to where the chicken yard had been the year before. I think I remember a load of chicken manure contributed by a relative one year. Of course, as I remember it, I was the person who had to dig all the manure into the soil (naturally the 90% of the labor that Dad did, I have selectively forgotten).

Were our tools in good condition? I remember a devil's tail hoe for preparing a row for planting seeds. At sometime past, Dad or Mom or others had carved notches into the handle at six-inch intervals for measuring the distance to the next row. We had short poles with a string wrapped around them to run from one end of the row to the other to be sure the row was straight. The spades were cleaned from the last time we used them. And the push cultivator was ready to go.

In helping to make those plans, I was following many others: Uncle Leo, Uncle Bob, Aunt Jennie, Uncle Nick and Aunt Mary, Uncle Lew, Aunt Lorraine, Uncle Jack, Uncle Al, Grandpop Joe, Grandpop Nick, Aunt Sylvia. And after I went on, Fran, Angelica, Henry, Tim, Clora, and Dean continued the annual planning exercise. At execution time we could find evidence of the farrows of others, of old asparagus and old strawberry beds, of work done and now history.

Today in Bath, I look outside at all this snow and I think about the row on row of bulbs that Willie put in last fall. I remember the many cloves of Fran's garlic that Clora and I planted at Thanksgiving. And I know that spring approaches. This garden will soon be in full bloom!

#### DONATIONS AS MEMORIAL TO LOUIS G. BILANCIO

Our thanks to all who contributed to La Vigna since the last edition. The \$230 of donations in the names of 24 individuals have been matched as a memorial to Louis G. Bilancio. This family newspaper that celebrates our cultural heritage and records our personal histories is a project in which Lou Bilancio would have taken great delight and which he would have supported with great pride. Again, our thanks to those below listed:

Sam Bellardo, Lewis Bilancio, Terry Bilancio, Willie Bilancio, William Bilancio, Carolyn Bilancio, Avery Lee Bilancio, Bernice Smailier, Leo Chianese, Louise Chianese, Robert Chianese, Pauline Chianese, Walter

Breitinger Family, Dr. Ralph Garzio, Deborah Cooper Harbin, Beatrice Johnson, Raymond Johnson, Mike Mozzatelli, Marion Mozzatelli, Frank Soda, Elaine Soda.

Please continue your support both financial and written. We need to hear from you both as donors and as authors. Tell us about your personal remembrances or share a special recipe. La Vigna continues to enrich our lives because all of us nurture it.

PICNIC!



## LA VIGNA PICNIC - JULY 10, 1994

Do you recognize some of these wonderful people? Nick Armenti took these shots at the 1993 La Vigna picnic. This year will be even more fun since, hopefully, the weather won't be so HOT!

Remember, you're ALL invited. So be sure to come to 90 Eggerts Crossing Road, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, afternoon of Sunday, July 10. Mark your calendars today! You bring one dish of food for your family plus about ten others, chairs, soda, your favorite outdoor game, etc. We'll have a fire, picnic tables and benches, volleyball and net, quoits, lemonade, home-made ice cream??, friends, relatives, fun for all, etc., etc.

Call Clora at 609)882-2448 (or write to La Vigna) if you have any questions or need directions.

Can't wait to see you there.

